

TO ONE LYING DEAD

STRANGE that thou liest so, void of all will
For loving ; so content with thy long sleep
That neither word nor sound may stir the still
Calm quiet of the dream that thou dost keep.

Pale now the cherished contour of thy face,
Thy lids lie heavy 'gainst the ache of light,
And hold in their wan stillness ne'er a trace
Of waking from the shadow of thy night.

Languid thy tender feet unsandalled rest,
Wearied of passage o'er the furrowed earth ;
They say thou art gone forth upon thy quest
Seeking a greater fullness of rebirth.